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NO. 34

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE
COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from our last.)

WHEN we entered the room, she was kneeling before a picture of our crucified Redeemer; and, I conclude, imploring him to endow her with resignation. She hastily arose, threw her arms round the neck of her husband, who had regained a greater degree of composure, and, in a mournful accent, repeated, "All is now over!"

"No, my Charlotte," replied my friend, "all is not over; we have the hard lesson of resignation to learn; and, as pious Job observed, we have received good from the hand of heaven; and we must expect our share of evil."—

"From your affection I have hitherto derived my greatest portion of earthly felicity," replied Mrs. Maxwell; "and from your example, my dearest William, I hope to acquire resignation." The friends and relations, who had assembled for the purpose of paying the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased, shortly took leave of the unhappy family, when the mistress of it retired to her chamber.

In vain I endeavoured to turn the conversation into a different channel;

every observation which I made, seemed only to recal the image of his son; finding which, I inquired by what disorder he had the misfortune of losing such a promising young man.

"By the disorder of the passions!" he exclaimed, in an emphatic tone of voice: "Yet the dear victim of ungovernable desires was as pure and spotless as a lamb. You know not then, I perceive, the accumulated misery I have suffered; but I will tell you the whole to-morrow morning."—"No, my dear Maxwell," I replied, "do not attempt to add to the poignancy of your present feelings, by relating circumstances which will only open the streams of sorrow; and which, for the sake of your wife and family, it will be necessary that you should endeavour to bury in oblivion."

"You are a good fellow; and, what is more, a feeling-hearted one," rejoined my relation; but it is a mistaken idea which you have imbibed, if you imagine that, by confining our sorrows to our own bosoms, we are able to check their force: on the contrary, grief may be compared to pent up water, which, when suffered to escape the boundary which confined it, rushes out with impetuous force; whereas, had a slight drain been attached to it, instead of overflowing, it would have meandered in a quiet stream."

Though I felt the force of poor Maxwell's simile, I did not encourage him to proceed with his melancholy narration; however, the next morning, after breakfast, he invited me to accompany him to a favourite haunt, which proved to be a secluded arbour, at the termination of a large field, which adjoined his house. The situation of this arbour was not only beautiful, but picturesque; it was formed by a clump of large trees, or rather the branches of them, which grew upon an elevated piece of ground; round the body of the trees the woodbine was entwined with jessamine, and rendered the air fragrant by the sweetness of its perfume.

"This was the favourite spot to which my dear lost son used to retire, either to pursue his studies, or draw plans of fortification," said the dejected Maxwell, in a melancholy tone. To this observation I made some commonplace answer; but perceiving the big drops of paternal tenderness flow rapidly down his manly cheeks, I endeavoured to direct the conversation into a different channel.

"I have promised," rejoined my friend in rather an impatient accent, "to describe to you the cause of my dear Frederick's death; but that is not all, for the honour of my family has been wounded, and my Matilda's peace of mind destroyed. When we last met," continued Mr. Maxwell, "you must recollect my having informed you I was at once the happiest, and most fortunate of men: but what a devastation in that happiness have a few revolving months produced? At the time I allude to, if you remember, the regiment to which my son belonged was hourly expected to return to England; and with the major of it my poor Frederick had unhappily formed a strong attachment, and invited him to accompany him to Kirkcudbright; and, as Major D——'s family were at that time all in Ireland, the invitation was readily accepted. My Matilda, I must inform you, is, without a parent's partiality, one of the most loveliest girls nature ever formed; and, about two months previous to her brother's return from the continent, had received honourable proposals of mar-

riage from a man of large fortune. This gentleman, it is true, is fifteen years older than my daughter, but extremely handsome, and perfectly well-bred; and as my girl is only seventeen, the disparity was by no means an objection, as I conceived it would be the means of inducing her to be directed by his judgment. In point of fortune, it was evidently a match truly desirable; but I implored my girl to closely examine the situation of her heart, and, if she felt a preference for any other person, candidly to reject the proposals. She, however, informed me, that of all men she had ever associated with, Mr. Rogers was the one with whom she should wish to pass her life; every thing therefore was finally settled, and it was agreed the wedding should take place in the course of a few weeks.

Preparations were accordingly made for the celebration of their nuptials, when Mr. Rogers received a letter from the West Indies, informing him of the death of a near relation, who had bequeathed him a large estate. Either to dispose of, or place this estate in the hands of proper persons, it became necessary for Mr. Rogers to undertake a voyage, and though he wished the ceremony to take place previous to his departure, yet, in an evil hour, I objected to it; my wife likewise thought it would be more prudent to defer it, until my intended son-in-law's return. On the evening of the day in which that amiable man took leave of us, my son, accompanied by the insidious Major D——, arrived: and though Matilda's spirits had been very much depressed at parting from her destined husband, yet the sight of her brother restored them to their accustomed height.

Major D—— is about five years older than Frederick, and of course much younger than Mr. Rogers, and to a beautiful, though rather effeminate set of features, is united the most soft and insinuating address. From the moment of his arrival, I observed that Matilda's charms had pleased him; but, to prevent him from paying her more than common civility, I took an early opportunity of mentioning my daughter's contracted engagement. Think-

ing that my dear girl appeared pleased with his assiduities, I intreated my son to impress the sacredness of the bond, which his sister had entered into with Mr. Rogers, upon the mind of his friend; and even went so far as to say, that I should be under the necessity of disregarding the ties of hospitality, unless Major D—— totally altered his mode of conduct.

On the day after that in which I had expressed myself to Frederick, the insidious Major D—— took an opportunity of expressing his concern that any part of his behaviour should have excited my displeasure.—“Had your daughter been disengaged, sir,” said he, “and my fortune been princely, I should have been proud, had you permitted me, to lay it at her feet; but, after what Frederick has told me I should think myself a villain, was I to attempt inspiring her with a mutual regard. My honour, Mr. Maxwell, is dearer to me than my existence; and I intreat you never to believe me capable of abusing the confidence you have reposed in me; for, rather than attempt to seduce your daughter’s affections, or endeavour to lessen that esteem she feels for her destined husband, I would banish myself to the most distant part of the universe, and in silence deplore the misery of my fate: but viewing the too lovely Matilda as a married woman, I admire her attractions, without aspiring to their possession: in short, I should as soon think of expressing a passion for my sister, as I should of breathing a word of tenderness to a female, I knew to be engaged.”

Completely imposed upon by this artful declaration, I considered my Matilda as secure in that depraved man’s society, as she would have been in her brother’s; notwithstanding which, I cautioned the artless creature against those artifices which mankind are too apt to practise.

The first packet which arrived from the West Indies, brought letters from the worthy Rogers, filled with expressions of tenderness, and lamenting that his relation’s affairs were in an embarrassed state; a circumstance which he regretted, from finding it would pre-

vent his return to England in less than six months.

My Matilda, whose ingenuous feelings could always be read in her countenance, I thought, perused this epistle with evident marks of pleasure; and though I had no opportunity of censuring either her conduct, or that of the major’s, I could not avoid wishing he had remained upon the continent. “Not to tire your patience, my dear friend,” continued the afflicted Maxwell, “by a relation of the various little circumstances which induced me to form that wish, I will hasten to the termination of my melancholy story, before you are completely tired.

“Matilda, you must know, is an excellent horse-woman, and peculiarly fond of that exercise; and, in company with her brother and the major, generally rode for a couple of hours every evening. A fortnight has scarcely elapsed, since they enjoyed that recreation for the last time; they had proceeded about three miles from Kirkcudbright, when Frederick, putting his hand into his pocket, found a letter I had given him to put into the post. Mortified and vexed at having forgotten a commission with which I had given him a particular charge, he proposed the trio’s immediately returning; to which the major strongly objected, advising him to put the letter into the post, and then join them at a certain spot upon the banks of the Dee.

My unsuspecting boy unhesitatingly complied with the proposal, without reflecting that the evening was rapidly closing; but scarcely had he departed, when the insidious major asked my Matilda whether she had ever seen an excavated cavern in the neighbourhood? and being answered in the negative, intreated her to accompany him thither. The thoughtless girl complied with his wishes; yet, before they reached the spot, they were overtaken by a violent storm, which raged with unabating fury until twelve o’clock.

(To be continued.)

Think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan.

A WIFE WANTED.

MR. EDITOR,

Having been in pursuit of a wife for some time back, and not being so fortunate as to obtain one, I have thought there might possibly be a chance of obtaining one by advertising in your little journal, so much read and esteemed by the female sex.

My object in searching for a wife is, that I want to have a home of my own; and my acquaintance is so limited with females, that I have been induced to adopt this method in hopes of speedily being married. I can assure the ladies I am not at all difficult to please, and should make a bargain directly with the female that comported with my views. I want a girl who has received a common education, and is possessed of common sense; (I am sorry to say rather a rare quality in our modern females) who understands plain cooking and of keeping the house neat and clean; and is herself tidy and nice about her own person—these are *sine qua non*s. She must not be above the common size, for not being very large myself, a big woman would hold in her hands an advantage which I do not think would be prudent. She must be a tolerable good looking girl, both in figure and face, and if she possesses a trade, so much the better; for instances have come under my knowledge where a man has been unfortunate, that his wife, with the use of her needle has kept her little family together, until circumstances have enabled the husband to provide. I would prefer the daughter of some honest mechanic, or, I should have no objection to marry the daughter of a widow, and live with the old lady. I do not ask for riches, for I have none myself, and I should be extremely mortified that my wife in an angry mood should have it to say, she believed I married her for her money; and that being expended, I cared no more for her; such things I believe have happened. I should not like to go over eighteen, though a year would be no particular objection.

Having thus stated what kind of a wife I want, perhaps it is necessary to give the females a brief description of myself: In the first place, I am a me-

chanic of a very respectable business: my age between twenty and thirty; my size under six feet; and over five feet six inches; my person is no way deformed, and my constitution perfectly sound, and am in good health; my countenance is passable, not very handsome, nor very ugly; my abilities no girl I think need be ashamed of. I have no bad habits, which, if I had a wife, I should not immediately abandon; my temper is even, and I consider myself fully able to maintain a prudent woman, not only comfortable but in a genteel manner.

Should any female, after reading this advertisement feel disposed to change her condition (for God knows I do, being tired of boarding about and sleeping with every body and nobody) and will please to direct a line to X. Y. Z. and drop it in the Post-Office it shall be attended to.

Mr. Editor—As a compensation for this advertisement, I hereby offer if I should obtain a wife through this means, to subscribe for your paper for life, and bless you the longest day I live.

Yours,

X. Y. Z.

ORIGIN OF CERTAIN

CEREMONIES USED AT CHRISTMAS.

[From the Antiquities, by John Brand, A. M. of Lincoln College, Oxford.]

“When *rosemary* and *bays*, the poet’s crown
“Are bawled in frequent cries thro’ all the town,

“Then judge the *festival* of Christmas near,
“Christmas, the joyous period of the year!
“Now with bright *holly* all the temples strow,
“With *laurel* green, and sacred *miseto*.”

GAY’S TRIVIA.

Our forefathers, when the devotions of Christmas-Eve were over, and night was come on, were wont to light up candles of an uncommon size, which were called *Christmas candles*, and to lay a log of wood upon the fire, which they termed a *yule clog*, or *Christmas bluck*. These were to illuminate the house, and turn the night into day; which custom, in some measure, is still kept up in the northern parts. It hath, in all probability, been derived from the *Saxons*. For Bede I think, tells us, that this yule night was observed in this land before by the *Heathen Saxons*. They began,

says he, their year on the eighth of the calends of January, which is now our *Christmas-day*, and the very night before, which is now holy to us, was by them called *Mædrenack*, or the *Night of Mothers*, because, as we imagine, of those ceremonies which were performed that night. The *yule clog*, therefore, hath probably been a part of that night's ceremony. The very name seems to speak it, and tells its original to every age. It seems to have been used as an emblem of the return of the sun, and the lengthening of the days. For as both *December* and *January* were called *guili* or *yule*, upon account of the sun's returning, and the increase of the days, so I am apt to believe the *log* has had the name of the *yule log*, from its being burnt as an emblem of the returning sun, and the increase of its light and heat.

This was probably the reason of the custom among the *Heathen Saxons*, but I cannot think the observation of it was continued for the same reason after Christianity was embraced. For Bishop Stillingfleet observes, that "though the ancient *Saxons* observed twelve days at that time, and sacrificed to the sun in hopes of his returning, yet when Christianity prevailed, all these idolatrous sacrifices were laid aside, and that time of feasting was joined with the religious solemnity of that season, which in other parts of the world were observed by Christians." And in like manner as the days of feasting were joined with the religious solemnities of that season, so the keeping up of this custom seems to have been done with another view than it was originally. If a conjecture may be allowed, it might have been done on account of our Saviour's birth, which happened that night. For as the burning of it before Christianity was an emblem of the coming of the sun, which they worshipped as their God, so the continuing of it after might have been for a *symbol* of that light which was that night born into the world.

Mr. Bourne, says Mr. Brand, omits the *yule-dough*, a kind of *baby*, or little *image of paste*, which our bakers used formerly to bake at this season, and

present to their customers in the same manners as the chandlers gave *Christmas candles*. They are called *yule-cakes* in the county of Durham. I find in the ancient calender of the Romish church, that at Rome, on the vigil of the *Nativity* *sweetmeats* were presented to the fathers in the *Vatican*, and that all kinds of *little images* (no doubt of *paste*;) were to be found at the confectioners shops. There is the greatest probability that we have had from hence both our *yule dough* and *MINCE PIES*, the latter of which are still in common use at this season. The *yule dough* has, perhaps, been intended for an *image* of the *child Jesus*. It is now, if I mistake not, pretty generally laid aside, or at most retained only by children.

J. Baemus Aubanus tells us, that in Franconia, the three Thursday nights preceding the nativity of our Lord, it is customary for the youth of both sexes to go from house to house, knocking at the doors, singing their Christmas carols, and wishing them a happy new year. They get in return from the houses they stop at, *pears, apples, nuts*, and even *money*. Little troops of boys and girls still go about in this very manner some few nights before, or on the eve of this day, and on that of the *day itself*. They still conclude too with wishing a *merry Christmas, and a happy new year*.

(To be Continued.)

GOOD RULES FOR BAD SPORTSMEN.

Never go out till the sun has been up some time; this will give you an opportunity of eating a good breakfast, and the dew being off the grass, will prevent your catching cold in your feet.

As you are going to the ground where you expect to meet with game, you may exercise yourself by shooting at crows, cats, or tame fowls; this will bring your hand in, and prevent your starting at the first report of your gun, — a thing not unusual to young sportsmen. You may likewise train your dogs by setting them at a flock of sheep, or geese, on your way; and your water spaniels at any pond you may pass, where there are a few tame ducks.

The moment you draw your trigger, be sure to shut both your eyes; this will prevent the priming from hurting them, and you can open them time enough to see where the game falls.

A CURIOUS LOVE-LETTER, AND
ANSWER.

Madam,

Most worthy of estimation, after long consideration, and much meditation, of the high reputation you possess in the Nation, I have a strong inclination, to become your relation—on your approbation of the declaration, I shall make a preparation to remove my situation, to a more convenient station, to possess your admiration. And if such oblation be worthy of observation, and can obtain commiseration, it will be to me a gratification beyond all calculation.

I am your's to exaltation,
SANS DISSIMULATION.

—
ANSWER.

Sir,

I perused your Oration, with all deliberation, and little consternation, of the great infatuation, of your weak imagination, to shew such veneration, on so slight an occasion. I suppose your animation, was the fruit of recreation, or had sprung from ostentation, to display your education, by no odd enumeration or rather multiplication, of words of the same termination; tho' of great variation, in each respective signification. I have a strong inclination, to think that your laborious application, to so tedious an occupation, deserves the commendation of a whole nation.

And thinking imitation a sufficient gratification, I am without hesitation, or the least mortification,

Your's, to exaltation,
MARY MODERATION.

FISH OUT OF WATER.

When we hear of a general, or contractor, talking in favor of peace, a young lady refusing the hand of a young suitor, a lawyer returning a fee to a poor client, a government paper telling the truth, or a doctor withholding physic from his patient, are they not all

fish out of water? When we hear of candour over a tea-table, charity in a church-box, or an alderman refusing to go to a corporation dinner, are they not all *fish out of water*? When we hear of a poet with a long purse, a Secretary with a short one, and a political brawler without the view of a place, we certainly must view them as *fish out of water*. When we see humility and truth at a court levee, virtue in a brothel, benevolence in an overseer, brevity in the law, or rapidity in a chancery suit, what are they but *fish out of water*?

ANECDOTES.

A schoolmaster belonging to a small village in France, was deputed to compliment Louis 14th as he passed through. A nobleman, who knew the place to be celebrated for an annual fair of *asses*, asked him, in the middle of his speech, "how they sold last year." "My lord," says the pedagouge, "those of your colour and size fetched little or nothing," and finished his harangue amid the applause of thousands.

— — —
From the GLEANER—An excellent Paper printed at Wilkes-barre.

— — —
An odd thing happened t'other day. A respectable old gentleman went a courting a good lady of something less than seventy, when he complained of a pain in his back:

Women were made—be ever blest the day,
To soothe and chase a sweetheart's pain away.

The kind woman, eager to remove her lover's pain—zealous to recommend herself to his affection, immediately baked a buckwheat cake, and placing it hot on the affected part, cured him effectually.

Behold the lover—flat upon his face,
While deary claps the cake upon the place,
Lord what a chance; had she the griddle
—hot,

Press'd closely on a little lower spot,
Although her dear had put an ugly face on,
He would have been completely stamp'd

—A MASON.

— — —
If an idle man knew the value of time,
he would not be so desirous of killing it.

Seat of the Muses.

ON THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

WHAT sounds harmonious strike the ears!
See! darkness flies, the light appears,
The sun a purer beam displays,
And shines with more distinguish'd rays.

Er'n nature's self with cheerful grace,
In triumph shews her radiant face.
Odours diffuse, ye spicy beds;
Cedars, bow down your awful heads.

Soft streams, your joys in murmurs tell;
And boisterous waves, exulting swell.
Messiah comes,—in homage now,
Let universal nature bow.

Glory to God, who reigns above,
Fountain of universal love.
Good-will to men that dwell below,
Let peace on earth eternal flow;
Thus heavenly breasts in friendship glow.
Let men redeem'd, their joys resound,
And angels pleas'd return the sound;
Since wildly through th' abandon'd skies,
Th' arch-rebel in confusion flies,
And a new heaven and earth take place,
Which Adam's sons restor'd shall grace.

A HYMN.

At nature's birth, when on the deep
Darkness and horror lay,
Let there be light, the Almighty said,
And straight sprang forth the day.

This thy first blessing to the world,
The sun revolving brings;
And smiling comfort visits man,
Borne on the morning's wings.

Nature, imperfect, and undrest,
Abhorr'd the prying light,
A world of beauteous objects now,
Each morn reveals to sight.

Sweet is the light, and bright the sun,
When he begins his race;
But neither sun nor light is sweet,
If thou conceal thy face.

The day advances, morning flies,
And blazing noon comes on,
In vain, while I, in darkness hid,
Lament my absent sun!

Speak, Lord, and to thy servant's soul,
Thy quickening beams restore;
The light with double lustre shines,
When darkness goes before.

From Edmund, the Wanderer.

BY LI. SPENCE, OF THE U. STATES NAVY.

WHILE I gaz'd on her eye of luxuriant blue,
Delighted to see it in languishment roll,
So persuasively tender and mellow with dew,
So rich in voluptuous breathings of soul—

The sweetest sensation of pleasure found birth
And I sigh'd for her lip of the sea coral dye;
And I thought 'twould be heaven to possess
upon earth

The white bosom'd maid of the blue-rolling
eye.

While I gaz'd on the seraph-like turn of her
form,

Each eloquent motion enraptur'd to trace,
I said—if the heart it enshrines is as warm
As the maid is bewitching and matchless in
grace,

That in ranging the world I had never yet
known

A nymph on whose charms I had gaz'd with
a sigh,

I could make, with such exquisite transport,
my own,

As the white bosom'd maid of the blue roll-
ing eye.

From the Pittsburgh Sun.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

WHILE o'er the sleeping Hero's tomb,
The cypress dark is seen to wave,
The martial laurel there shall bloom,
And both shall deck the soldier's grave.

When spring returns the earth to cheer,
She first his sod shall dress in green;
There her first flowerets shall appear,
And there her choicest gifts be seen.

And oft while summer's sun prevails,
And evening zephyrs softly breathe;
Fair FREEDOM there her son bewails,
And twines his stone with many a wreath.

ELEGANT EXTRACT,—FROM LORD BYRON'S WORKS.

I lov'd—but those I lov'd are gone,
Had friends—my early friends are fled,
How cheerless feels the heart alone,
When all its former hopes are dead!

Though gay companions, o'er the bowl,
Dispel awhile the sense of ill,
Though pleasure stirs the mad'ning soul,
The heart—the heart is lonely still.

A sailor who opened a Tobacconist's Shop, has
the following notice upon a board in the
window.

FULL many a gale I weather'd out,
Before the Port I made;
And having worn my canvass out,
My anchor here I've laid.

No winds for favour I invoke,
To spare or fill my sail;
But only beg my friends would smoke,
And blow a pleasant Gale.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY DECEMBER 24, 1814.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

The privateer schr. Kemp, capt. Almeda, of Baltimore, has arrived at Wilmington, (N. C.) from a cruise of 8 days. It appears that in lat. 32 43 N. 9 sail were discovered under convoy of a frigate, which chased the privateer, as they thought off, but she dogged the fleet, and next day succeeded in capturing the following vessels, loaded with West-India produce.

	Guns.	Men.
Ship Roselle,	16	55
Ship Princess,	2	14
Brig Poncea,	8	26
S. B.	2	12
Only Son,	12	28
Schooner Cossac, former-	24	9
ly the O. H. Perry, 1		
lbr. on a pivot and 4		
lbrs.	49	135

The first 4 were manned and ordered home.

The others made their escape after hauling down their colors.

The Roselle, in attempting to cross Charles-ton bar, was lost, with the principal part of her cargo.

Eight hundred carpenters, are engaged in this city, to go to Sackett's Harbor, immediately, for the purpose of building a 74, a frigate, and a sloop of war, for the service on Lake Ontario.

Accounts from Canada, mention that the British are about making considerable additions to their naval force on lakes Ontario and Champlain.—A new 74, to be called the Ontario, it is said, has been laid down at Kingston; and four frigates, are said to be building, on lake Champlain.

The Newcastle British frigate, capt. Stewart, went ashore the 12th inst. on a shoal near Cape-Cod: but by starting her water, and throwing over spars, &c. and a favorable wind got off, with considerable damage; and 12 men deserted.

On the 17th inst. the U. S. frigate Constitution, capt. Stewart, sailed from Boston on a cruise. The pursers of the Newcastle and Constitution, are also named alike; both having the name of Pottinger

Benjamin W. Crowninshield, of Massachusetts, is appointed Secretary of the Navy; and William Eustis, of the same state, is appointed Minister to Holland.

Late Halifax papers mention the arrival there lately of 10 vessels re-captured by the British cruisers.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

In Grace Church, by the rev. Dr. Bowen, Samuel Swartwout, esq. to Miss Alice Ann Cooper.

By the right rev. Bishop Hobart, John C. Hamilton, esq. to Miss Van Den Heuvel, daughter of Mr. John C. Van Den Heuvel, all of this city.

Mr. John Wood, to Miss Maria Gilbert, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. James Beach, of the house of Shelton & Beach, to Miss Clarissa Ely, all of this city.

At Saybrook, by the rev. F. W. Hotchkiss, Mr. Joseph Kirtland, to Miss Lyndia Pratt.—Mr. George H. Chapman, to Miss Lucia Tully, daughter of Elias Tully, esq.—Mr. Ira Bushnell, jun. to Miss Hetty Kirtland.—Mr. Charles Whittlesey, to the graceful Miss Azubah Shipman.

“Matchless pair!
With equal virtue formed and equal grace,
Her's the mild lustre of the blooming morn;
His the radiance of the rising day.”

At Huntington, (Con.) Abel Clark Hill, esq. to the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Sarah Ann Coger, both of that place.

Obituary.

DIED.

Mr. John Baptist Anne Marie Lombart, aged 65 years, Chancellor of the French Consulate.

In the 74th year of her age Mrs. Dorothea Kip.

Mr John Van Buskirk, aged 77 years.
Harvey Grant, esq. of Charleston (S. C.) aged 55 years.

Capt. Wm. K. Handy, in his 29th year.

Mr. Thomas Scott, stone-cutter.

Miss Hannah Beck, in her 23d year.

Miss Jane Marschalk, youngest daughter of Capt. John Marschalk, in the 18th year of her age.

Mrs. Mary Heyl, in the 43d year of her age, consort of Mr. Christian M. Heyl.

Mrs. Mercy Hunt, in the 71st year of her age.

Mr. George Burchill, aged 41 years.

Mrs. Susannah Perrot, wife of Mr. John Perrot, in the 31st year of her age.

Mr. Lewis Morrice.

THE MUSEUM.

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